

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 17. [NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, JULY 31, 1824.

VOL. I.

## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,  
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

### GHOST OF MY UNCLE.

I AROSE early in the morning, and after taking a good breakfast, set out from home. A quantity of rain had fallen in the night. It was, however, fair when I commenced my expedition, and I wished it so to remain. The morning was still and beautiful; it was at the early hour of four; I could not yet distinguish the sun, though I was sensible he had left his ocean bed from the beautiful streaks of colouring in the eastern sky. To express the softness, mildness, and calmness of the scenery, at that hour, I cannot find adequate words; those only can conceive it who have witnessed the scene. I had not proceeded more than two miles, before a few drops alarmed me with apprehension of a soaking shower, from a heavy black cloud that was slowly sailing over my head, and my fears were soon realized by a very thick descent that followed, on which I betook myself with all speed to a thatched cottage, that I saw at some distance, for shelter.

Many years had elapsed since I had wandered about in this spot in careless infancy, and the pretty secluded cot to which I was advancing, had been my home. I looked around on the hills and dales, and could easily recognise them as my old acquaintances. "Ha" said I, "ye change not your appearance, ye grow not old in the course of time, the feebleness of age cometh not upon you;—ye still smile in the brightness of summer, and frown in the lowering winter. For ages ye have reared your towering crests, and given food to the flocks and the herds that have chequered your dark surface; ye have given a direction to the murmuring brook that proceeds from you, till it seeks, far distant, the mighty ocean; and while generation after generation hath passed away, ye have preserved unvaried the features ye possessed in ages gone—Even now, as in years past, my eyes behold the still sunshine sleeping upon your gentle

sloping declivities, interrupted only when the light cloud of spring, for a moment, casts over them its passing shadow! My cogitations were suddenly interrupted by the gate at the end of the pasture, which I opened. In another moment I was in the porch of the cottage; I lifted the latch, and went in. The house appeared just the same as I had left it ten years before. The furniture was the same, and each piece occupied the same position. The old clock stood ticking in the corner, as it had done for four-score years, the oaken settle remained behind the door, and my uncle's antique two armed chair by the fire-side; but I saw no living creature in the house besides the cat on the hearthstone. I listened awhile, but could hear nothing. At this I rather wondered, as of yore the house was seldom, scarcely ever, totally deserted. I then went forward into the spence, or country parlour, where I found several neighbour cousins and the servants, all standing in deep silence around the bed of my dying uncle.

On entering, all eyes turned upon me; I was a stranger to most of them; there were, however, one or two who remembered me. I advanced to the bed-side, and the countenance of my uncle for a moment brightened up at my approach, but soon subsided again into a cold tranquil indifference. It was plain that death was rapidly approaching. He had been speechless several hours; consequently we could hold no conversation. He, however, put out his hand, which I grasped with an affection redoubled by the prospect of soon losing him for ever. In my younger days I had lived with him, and he having no children of his own, was then remarkably fond of me; subsequently that affection was strengthened between us, and although circumstances had cast my lot in another country, yet we had kept up a friendly and affectionate intercourse. Some time previous to his indisposition, I had again removed to within thirty miles of his residence, which was the place from whence I set out on this sorrowful visit.

My uncle was a man of sound judgment, keen observation, and cheerful social disposition, joined to a thorough knowledge of mankind; he possessed a good portion of

eccentricity and humour. He loved a cheerful glass; he was kind to his servants and dependants, and though rather of a frugal and saving disposition, yet he was charitable to his poor neighbours. In his friendships he was rather capricious, but firm in his attachment to the kirk and government of his country. He was apt to be a little passionate and hasty in his temper; but his resentment was seldom of long duration. He was well beloved by those among whom he dwelt, and might be pronounced a good neighbour, and an excellent subject. By a long course of industry in his profession, he had amassed a pretty good property, the knowledge of which had drawn around him a host of needy relations, who besieged him with flattery and professions, but whose attentions were chiefly drawn forth by their hopes of inheriting the old man's property. How he had willed it was not known. He was a man of prudence, and seldom blabbed out his private affairs.

On my arrival, I found all the friends about him remarkably attentive and dutiful in their behaviour, though it was evident that a good deal of the affection was assumed. Shortly after, he fell into a kind of a doze, and all left the room save an attendant or two. Peggy, the servant who had lived with my uncle fourteen years, now insisted on my taking some refreshment. But I was too much agitated to feel any thing like pleasure in my repast, and what I ate was more to please the faithful old domestic, than from any inclination of my own. When my slight meal was over, I got up and went to the window in a serious and reflecting mood. The afternoon was far advanced, and the scenery without was wrapped in tranquillity. I was soon summoned from my station to the parlour. My uncle had somewhat revived, and his speech had returned. He told us death was making rapid advances, and that we might soon expect the moment of his dissolution. He informed us where we should find his will, and gave us some excellent advice on our future conduct.

Some things he requested us to perform, which I thought were a little odd. He wished us to read his will in the room where he was, immediately after he had expired. He desired that he might not be laid out, as it is commonly called, until at least twelve hours after his departure; that his large two armed oaken chair might be placed in all order and solemnity at the head of the table every meal, and that it should remain unoccupied till after his funeral. He also wished to be interred in a very deep grave. All these requests we promised faithfully to observe, when, after taking an affectionate farewell of each, he quietly resigned himself to his pillow: his breathing became more

and more faint, till at last we could perceive it no more.

During these transactions my mind was in a state I cannot well describe: my thoughts were all confusion, while at the same time I struggled to be calm and composed. Poignant as were my feelings, I gazed on my dying relative with a sort of apathy and grief, and at the moment when nature was yielding up the contest I could not shed a tear. In a short time all quitted the apartment, and I was left alone. The branches of the huge elm trees, with their thickening foliage, partially screening the window, made it, under such circumstances, awfully gloomy and tranquil. I took several turns about the room, and with a soft step I approached the bed, gazed a moment, turned away, and then going up to the window, strove to divert my thoughts by looking at the surrounding landscape. Twilight was descending, and the sober hues of evening gradually enveloped the lofty hills. No sound struck my ear, except the faint and low murmurs of the brook, which brawled down the valley at the bottom of the Flinty Knowe—the shout, softened by distance, of the peasant committing his herds to the pasture—and now and then the solitary barking of a shepherd's dog among the echoing dales, attendant on his master looking out his charge for the night.

I had not stood at the casement many minutes when my cousins, all talking in a rude, noisy, and indecorous manner, came into the room with the will, which it seems they had departed in search of the moment the testator had expired. I was a good deal shocked at the frivolity they manifested, and could not help reproving them, though in a mild and gentle manner, for the little respect they paid to the deceased. "Why ye ken," said one, "he tauld us to read the will amais as soon as he died." "Ay," cried another, "and sae in comformity wi' his command, we went straight up the stairs and rummaged o'er his auld kist, till we found it." "Mind your ain concerns, gude man, and we'll mind ours," rejoined a third, rather gruffly; so that my well meant admonitions had no better effect than to cause me to be more disliked by the party; for I could perceive before this that they looked on me in the light of an unwelcome intruder.

The will was now read, to which all paid the greatest attention. A mute anxiety and deep interest sat on every countenance: their aspects were, however, instantly changed into those of intense disappointment and vexation, on hearing that my uncle had made a stranger, whom none of us knew, the heir of all his property, real and personal. For my part, this circumstance did not affect me in the least. I had not had any

expectation of inheriting the smallest portion; therefore could not feel disappointed. But with the others it was different; they had clung to him like so many leeches, or like the ivy to the old ruin, and with about as much affection as the two before-mentioned things have for the objects to which they so closely adhere. A most appalling and disgusting scene now took place among the disappointed legacy hunters. They abused the old man in the most shocking terms: they taxed him with injustice and villany, and even proceeded to call down imprecations upon his lifeless corse. I shuddered at the conduct of the unprincipled villains; I trembled at the impiety of men who could, at a time the most solemn and impressive to a human being, act in a manner sufficient to call down upon them immediate and divine vengeance. I was chilled with horror. I almost expected every moment to see the lifeless corse of my uncle start from the bed, on which it lay, to take vengeance on the audacious wretches. Once, indeed, I actually thought I saw his lips quiver with rage—his eyebrows knit together—and all the muscles of his countenance contract into a dreadful frown. I shuddered at the sight and withdrew my gaze.

At length they went into the kitchen, and I was once more left alone in the chamber of death. I went to the bed-side, and the scene I had just witnessed operated so forcibly on my feelings, that I burst into tears, and uttered aloud my lamentations over my lifeless relative. When this ebullition had somewhat subsided, I began to reflect a little where I was, and a sort of timidity came creeping over me. There is an undefinable apprehension which we feel while we are in company with the dead. We imagine, in spite of the efforts of reason, that the departed spirit is hovering near its former tenement. It being now quite dark, and having these feelings in a strong degree, it is no wonder that I rather preferred the company of the wretches in the kitchen, than to remain long where I was.

I accordingly proceeded thither, where I found them all carousing round a large table, on which were placed the fragments of the dinner, and plenty of liquor. I reminded them of our promise to place my uncle's old two armed chair at the head of the table, as he had requested, which they had neglected to do, and which they now strenuously opposed my doing. I was, however, resolutely determined to have it done, and at length succeeded. I then retired to the fire-side, where I sat, without taking any part in the conversation, or in any thing that passed during the whole evening. I shall pass over the several succeeding hours, the whole of which they sat drinking, till they were all in a greater or less degree in-

toxicated, and generally brawling, wrangling, and swearing in a loud and boisterous manner. The night became stormy as it advanced. The wind arose, and at intervals moaned, sighed, and whistled shrilly without, roared in the wide chimney, and as it furiously bent the trees in which the house was embosomed, made a sound similar to the dashing of the waves on the shore of the ocean. The rain fell in torrents, and the large drops pattered against the window with a ceaseless and melancholy cadence.

It was now getting nigh the "witching time of night," and I saw no signs of the revellers quitting the table. On the contrary, they grew more loud and boisterous. In obedience to their imperious commands, yet evidently with the greatest reluctance, Peggy had kept replenishing the exhausted vessels with more liquor, and their demands increased in proportion to the reluctance with which they were satisfied. At length, however, on receiving an intimation from me that I would interpose, she absolutely refused to draw any more liquor for them, telling them they had had plenty, and that it was time to retire to bed. The scene that now ensued was such as is impossible for me to describe; maddened and inflamed with rage at being thus refused, the wretches began to throw the furniture up and down the house, break the glasses and jugs, and to abuse the servant, from whom they attempted to wrest the key of the cellar, yelling out at the same time the most horrid oaths and imprecations.

The table was shortly upset, and the lights put out in the scuffle, and in a few moments we should, in all probability, have had blood shed, as I felt myself roused to a pitch of fury, and was advancing with the large heavy headed fire-poker to the assistance of the servant, who was loudly shrieking for help: just then the old clock struck twelve rapid strokes, and the bell had not ceased to vibrate, when we heard three heavy knocks, as if given by a mallet upon the wall, which separated the kitchen from the parlour where my uncle lay. There appeared to be something supernatural in this. The whole house seemed to shake to its very foundation. A deep silence ensued. I stood still. The wretches instantly became sober. We all gazed earnestly and wildly at the place from whence the noise proceeded. Scarce had we recovered from the shock, when we were again thunder-struck with a noise in the parlour; it was unlike any sound that I had ever heard before. It seemed as if all the furniture in the room was violently crashed together, mingled with the noise of fire-arms. Shrieks and exclamations burst from all.

The windows shook and every door of the habitation gave a momentary jar. I trem-

bled with awe. I felt every hair of my head bristling upwards—my knees smote against each other—a deathly paleness sat on every countenance, and all eyes were fixed in an intense gaze on the door, at the upper part of the kitchen, which led to the staircase, buttery, and parlour. When, to complete the horror of the scene, the door burst wide open—dashed against the wall, and in, gliding at a slow pace, came a dreadful apparition. Its countenance was that of death. It seemed to have been long the inhabitant of that dark and narrow house—the grave; the worms had revelled upon its eyes, and left nothing but the orbless sockets. The rest of the skeleton was enveloped in a long and white sheet. The horrid spectre advanced into the middle of the room. I involuntarily shrunk back—the heavy weapon dropped from my hand and rang loudly on the stone floor; overcome with terror, I sank into a chair. A cold sweat broke from my forehead, and I had well nigh fainted on its first appearance; the others had tumbled one over the other, in the greatest horror and confusion, and now lay as if dead in all directions.

The spectre gazed wildly round for a moment—at the clock—at the fire—and then turned its eyeless sockets upon each individual, motioning at the same time with its long arm, and pointing to the outer door, seemingly directing to an outlet for escape, and wishing for their exit. They were not long in obeying this intimation, but severally crawled away on their hands and knees, with all the speed they could possibly make; none of them daring to stand upright. The spectre all the while was standing in the middle of the floor, eyeing, or rather appearing to eye them, through the void sockets, where eyes had once glistened, as they retreated one by one in the greatest fear and trepidation. When Peggy and I offered to decamp along with the rest, the spectre motioned us to remain where we were, and we durst not for our lives disobey. When the last of the crew was making his exit, and had crawled nearly to the door, the spectre, which had hitherto stood motionless, except waving its arm and slowly turning its eyeless countenance on the wretches as they crept successively out of the door, bounded with the rapidity of lightning after the terrified wretch. But swift as the flight of spirits are, in this case that of the mortal was swifter: the fellow gave a thrilling scream—made a convulsive spring—his heels struck violently against the lintel of the door in his course, and he vanished from my sight and the spectre after him. “Gude defend us,” said Peggy. “For my part, ill as I was frightened, I could scarce forbear laughing outright at the last incident so comic and farcical.”

Half a minute had not elapsed, when I heard a step, and in another instant (I still kept my eyes on the door) in came the very form of my *uncle*, muttering, “Villains! Rascals! Hypocrites!” He fastened the door after him, shut out his nephews and the spectre, and then came towards the fire. At this I was more amazed than ever. He, however, gave me to understand that he was alive and well, and that all I had seen transacted in the afternoon and evening, was nothing but a stratagem he had made use of to try the sincerity of his relations, and if he found them, as he conjectured, false in their professions, to get rid of them. The scheme answered nobly, and, it must be confessed, the stratagem was well planned and exceedingly well executed.

My uncle concluded his relation with assuring me, that, excepting a good legacy for his faithful servant Peggy, I should inherit all that he possessed, as some little acknowledgment for the fright he had caused me; and as for the wretches he had expelled from his house, in so singular a manner, they should never more cross the threshold of his door. We all three now sat down to a little supper, of which my uncle stood in great need, and after taking a cheerful glass retired to bed.

Notwithstanding the fatigue of my journey, and sitting up so late, my sleep was far from being sound and refreshing. I was disturbed with fearful dreams the whole night. At length the cocks began to crow—the clouds of the eastern sky to break asunder, and the morning to dawn. When it was tolerably light I started up, resolved on a stroll over the meadows. Before going out, however, I went into the parlour, where I found every thing in the utmost confusion. Chairs, tables, walking-sticks, and logs of wood, lay all over the floor, and every thing upset or in a wrong position. I then proceeded to the outer door, which I opened, but started back in horror, on perceiving a human skull lying on a sheet at my right hand, just without the door. Recovering from my fright, I gathered it up, and could not restrain my laughter, when I discovered it to be nothing more than a mask, representing a death’s head. It seems while we were all wrangling the night before, my uncle had stepped out of bed—dressed himself—piled all the furniture, logs of wood and timber, he could in the apartment, in a heap, crowning the pyramid with a dozen or more walking-sticks, which had lain time out of mind on the top of an old cupboard—then gone up stairs and put on the horrid mask—brought down a pistol, and enveloped himself from his feet to his chin, in a clean white sheet; after alarming us, just as the clock struck the awful hour of twelve, by striking three heavy blows

against the wall with a huge log of wood, he contrived to tumble down the whole mass of furniture at once—fired his pistol at the same moment, and then burst in upon us in the manner described.

I now went out. As I was crossing the yard, I discovered several drops of blood on a stone, which I could no way account for, but by supposing some of my good cousins had received, in their retreat, a fall; and, a little further, I discovered a pair of shoes. A receptacle for the filth of the byre, in another part of the yard, bore evident marks of some one having had therein a severe struggle.

Indeed the adventures of the flying heroes had been various and woeful; one of them, he at whom the spectre made such a sudden bound, as I afterwards ascertained, actually ran seven miles without stopping, and with his shrieks, supposing the grim monster close at his heels, almost raised the whole country. I now proceeded onwards over the fields, listening to the warbling lark 'springing blithely up to greet the purpling east.' The air was fresh and pure, and, in the beauties of nature, I awhile forgot the events of the preceding evening. With hasty steps I roved over the faintly recollected scenes, where I had in childhood spent some of my happiest hours, until weary with my rambles I returned to breakfast.

### THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,  
Who loses and who wins; who's in and who's out,  
And take upon us the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

**DANCING.**—The Chinese have odd ideas of this amusement. When Commodore Anson was at Canton, the officers of the Centurion had a ball upon some court holiday: while they were dancing, a Chinese, who very quietly surveyed the operation, said softly to one of the party, 'Why don't you let your servants do this for you?'

**SELDEN.**—When the learned John Selden was a member of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, who were appointed to new-model religion, he delighted to puzzle them by curious quibbles. Once they were gravely engaged in determining the exact distance between Jerusalem and Jericho, and one of them, to prove it could not be great, observed, "that *fish* was carried from one place to the other." On which Selden observed, "Perhaps it was *salt fish*;" which again through the assembly into doubt.

### THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

### THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

THE island of Antiparos, the ancient Oliaros, is situated two miles West of Paros, once so celebrated for its beautiful statuary marble. It is a mere rock, on which there is one village, of which the inhabitants feed on the little barley which they cultivate on some of the less barren spots. Among the many caverns and grottos which the persevering curiosity of man has discovered, that of Antiparos is one of the most singular and most beautiful. Though from some ancient inscriptions it appears to have been visited both by Greeks and Romans, yet the natives of the island looked on it with more fear than curiosity; and it was with considerable difficulty than some of them could be persuaded to accompany the French Ambassador, M. de Nointel, who re-discovered the cavern in the seventeenth century. It was visited, and fully described, at a subsequent period, by Tournefort, the celebrated botanist, who considered it as one of the most extraordinary and beautiful natural curiosities he had ever seen. The French Ambassador and his suite, consisting of above 500 persons, spent three whole days in this grotto, and one of the company has given of it the following description:—

After we had landed on the island, and walked about four miles, we came to a hill, in the side of which yawned a horrible cavern, which by its gloom struck us with terror, and almost repressed curiosity. Recovering from our first surprise, we boldly entered, and had not proceeded far when we discovered what the ignorant natives called the statue of a giant; but which was in fact merely a sparry concretion, formed by the water dropping from the roof of the cave, and by degrees hardened into a figure, which their fears had transformed into a monster. Invited by this extraordinary appearance, we proceeded further into this subterranean abode. In our progress new wonders struck our eyes. The spars formed into trees and shrubs, presented a kind of petrified grove; some were white, some green, and all receded in proper perspective. They struck us with greater astonishment, as we knew they were productions of nature, which, hitherto in solitude, had, in her playful moments, arranged the scene as if for her own private amusement.

We had, however, as yet seen only a few of the wonders of the place, and were introduced merely into the portico of this amazing temple. In one corner of the half illuminated recess, there appeared an open-

ing about three feet wide, which seemed to lead to a place totally dark, and which we were informed contained only a reservoir of water. We threw down some stones, which rumbling along the side of the descent for some time, the sound seemed at length quashed in a bed of water. Our candles being lighted, and the whole place completely illuminated, never could the eye be presented with a more brilliant or a more magnificent scene. The whole roof hung with solid circles, transparent as glass, yet hard as marble. The eye could scarcely reach the lofty and noble ceiling; the insides were regularly formed of spars, and the whole presented the idea of a superb theatre illuminated by an immense profusion of lights. The floor consisted of solid marble, and in several places magnificent columns, thrones, altars, and other objects appeared, as if nature had designed to mock the curious productions of art. Our voices, on speaking or singing, were magnified to an astonishing loudness; and on the firing of a gun, the noise and reverberations were almost deafening. In the midst of this noble amphitheatre there arose a concretion of about fifteen feet high, on which mass was celebrated, the whole place being lighted by about four hundred lamps, whilst the beautiful pillars that rose up around the altar, appeared to be candlesticks, and many other natural productions presented some resemblance to the various ornaments employed in decorating the altar.

Below this rich, spacious grotto, there seemed to be another cavern, down which I ventured, and descended about fifty paces by means of a rope. I arrived, at length, on a small spot of level ground, where the bottom appeared to differ from that of the amphitheatre above, being composed of clay, and yielding to pressure, into which I thrust a stick the depth of six feet. In this cave, however, as well as in the grotto above, vast numbers of the most beautiful crystals were formed, one of which particularly resembled a table. On our egress from the truly wonderful grotto, we discovered on a rock near its mouth, a Greek inscription, partly obliterated, containing the names, one of Antipater, and of several others, who are supposed to have visited this natural curiosity.

### THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS

### THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMA.

THE first number of a new collection of those noble specimens of English genius, the Early Drama, has just made its appearance in London. The work, it seems, is

intended to be general and extensive, and to supersede the collections of Dodsley, &c. The present number contains *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, the production of an unknown author, which is now printed, for the first time, from a MS. of Warburton's (the *Somerset Herald*), which had the good luck to escape a too intimate acquaintance with his pie and pudding dishes, a calamity which happened to many valuable relics of the English stage, and which has been a standing subject of regret with all the tribe of commentators for many years. The *Second Maiden's Tragedy* is unquestionably well deserving of its escape from the anti-dramatic Cook, who seasoned Mr. Warburton's dinners with such ethereal viands; and its publications will afford much gratification to the lovers of sterling plays; it is evidently the production of a man of genius—is superior to the general run of plays of the time when it was written (about 1611), and what is commendable as well as extraordinary, is entirely free from the extravagance which frequently marks the productions of that age of dramatic literature. It consists of two distinct plots, one of which is founded on the story of the *Curious Impertinent*, in *Don Quixotte*, which the author has closely followed: the other plot is so independent of it, that they might well, but for the deficiency in the requisite number of acts, form two separate plays. The *Dramatic* excellence of this tragedy is perhaps not very great, but there are scenes of tenderness, and occasionally touches of pathos, which go to the heart; the great defect is the want of intensity in the more passionate scenes; but to compensate for this deficiency, there are dignity, nobleness, and purity of feeling, and some delicious instances of poetic beauty.

### BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

### MEMOIRS OF THOMAS BETTERTON.

THOMAS BETTERTON was born in Westminster, in 1635; and, after having left school, is said to have been put apprentice to a bookseller. The particulars, however, relating to the early part of his life, are not ascertained. It is generally thought that he made his first appearance on the stage in 1656, at the opera-house in Charter-house-yard, under the direction of Sir William Davenant. He continued to perform there till the Restoration, when King Charles granted patents to two companies; the one was called the king's company, the other the duke's. The former acted at the theatre royal in Drury-lane, and the latter at the

theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-fields. Betterton went over to Paris, at the command of King Charles II. to take a view of the French scenery, and at his return made such improvements as added greatly to the lustre of the English stage. For several years both companies acted with the greatest applause, and the taste for dramatic entertainments was never stronger than whilst these two companies played. The two companies were, however, at length united; though the time of this union is not precisely known, Gildon placing it in 1682, and Cibber in 1684. But however this may be, it was in this united company that Mr. Betterton first shone forth with the greatest degree of lustre; for having survived the famous actors upon whose models he had formed himself, he was now at liberty to display his genius in its full extent. Betterton was an actor, as Shakespeare was an author, both without competitors, formed for the mutual assistance and illustration of each other's genius! The one was born alone to speak what the other only knew to write! Pity it is, that the momentary beauties, flowing from an harmonious elocution, cannot, like those of poetry, be their own record!—that the animated graces of the player can live no longer than the instant of breath and motion that present them.

Having a general acquaintance with people of fashion, at length, by the intercession of the earl of Dorset, he procured a patent for building a new playhouse in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, which he did by subscription. The new theatre was opened in 1695. Mr. Congreve accepted a share with this company, and the first play they acted was his comedy of *Love for Love*. The king honoured it with his presence; when Betterton spoke a prologue, and Mrs. Bracegirdle an epilogue, on the occasion. But notwithstanding all the advantages this company enjoyed, and the favourable reception they at first met with, they were unable to keep up their run of success above two or three seasons. Vanbrugh and Cibber, who wrote for the other house, were expeditious in their productions; and the frequency of new pieces gave such a turn in their favour, that Betterton's company, with all their merit, must have been undone, had not the *Mourning Bride* and the *Way of the World* come to their relief, and saved them at the last extremity. In a few years, however, it appearing that they could not maintain their independence without some new support from their friends, the patrons of Betterton opened a subscription for building a new theatre in the Haymarket, which was finished in 1706. Betterton, however, now grown old, and his health much impaired by constant application, declined the management of this house,

resigning it entirely to Sir John Vanbrugh and Mr. Congreve; but, from the decay of Betterton, many of the old players dying, and other accidents, a re-union of companies seemed necessary, and accordingly took place soon after.

When Betterton had reached seventy, his infirmities increased to a great degree, and his fits of the gout were extremely severe. His circumstances also grew daily worse and worse; yet he kept up a remarkable spirit and serenity of mind, and acted when his health would permit him. The public, remembering the pleasure he had given them, would not allow so deserving a man, after fifty years service, to withdraw without some mark of their bounty. In the spring of 1709, a benefit, which was then a very uncommon favour, was granted him, and the play of *Love for Love* was acted for this purpose. He himself performed *Valentine*. Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mrs. Barry, though they had quitted the stage, appeared on this occasion; the former in the character of *Angelica*, and Mrs. Barry in that of *Frail*. After the play was over, these two actresses appeared leading on Betterton, and Mrs. Barry spoke an epilogue written by Mr. Rowe.

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## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

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—Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

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### MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S,

No. X.

A REPORT was made on the sulphureous water of the Canderago spring, situated in the town of Richfield, county of Otsego.

Specimens of the water in a bottle, of the natural deposit around the spring, and of the residue left by boiling, as forwarded by Dr. Manley, were produced.

The water emits a very strong and diffusible smell of brimstone. When tested with acetate of lead, there was not only a dark colour produced, but a pellicle resembling revived lead floated on the surface, in a beautiful and striking form. After the water had been exposed for forty-eight hours, it had lost its property of acting upon lead in this way. The muriate and nitrate of barytes showed the presence of sulphuric acid.—The cloudiness produced by the oxalic, proved that there was a large quantity of lime.—Yet the prussiate of potash gave no indication of iron; nor lime-water of the presence of carbonic acid gas.

The solid matter left by artificial evaporation, seemed to consist of the carbonate of lime, and the sulphate of magnesia; in proportions well adapted to render it useful as an antacid and a laxative.

But, for a regular and exact analysis, experiments must be conducted at the fountain-head. It is to be hoped the proprietors will cause such a scientific examination to be made.

The local description leads to a belief that a knoll or elevation has gradually been formed in the immediate vicinity. This seems to be composed of 1. *turf* or *peat*, nourished by the constant irrigation; and, 2. of a *calcareo-sulphureous sediment*, proceeding from incessant precipitation.

This memorable fountain is situated in a rock on the top of an eminence, twelve or fifteen feet by estimation, above the level of the surrounding land. The quantity of water is not very considerable, but perfectly clear, and unaltered by floods or droughts. The temperature is very little varied by the change of seasons.

The soil around the spring is a deposit of various substances; such as the before-mentioned peat, of a coarse texture and reddish hue: it is six feet thick in the centre, and becomes less and less thick, for the distance of ninety feet. This mass is intermingled with the bodies of trees; their limbs and leaves: and these latter, in such a state of preservation as to retain their *green* colour. On the very top of the mound stood a large birch stump, from which the tree seems to have fallen eight years ago. Six inches beneath, were the roots of a hemlock-pine, and some decayed remains of the trunk, projecting somewhat upward, and mingling with those of the birch. Yet further down and under these, lay a hemlock-log, as sound and solid as if it had been there only a year. Under this log, and yet lower, green leaves were found: and what is more extraordinary, the fruit of the Black or Wild Cherry (*Prunus virginica*) was there exhibiting its red complexion. Nearly down upon the rock, near the roots and remains of another of considerable dimension, an Elks-horn (*Cervus Wapiti*) lay on the rock, near the outlet, herewith presented. The branches of this horn were wanting as you will see, when it was dug up. Two appear to have been broken off, and the horn

at these points is decayed. The others were probably cut around with flint-stones by the aborigines, and then snapped short off.

The whole mound is filled with logs, stumps, twigs and leaves; and the peat is excellent fuel.

The water by standing, almost immediately shows a pellicle of sulphur on its surface; and by a change of temperature soon deposits a white sediment.—A great quantity of sulphuretted hydrogenous gas is constantly extricated; as is also a small portion of carbonic acid gas.

The accompanying history in print, leads to a persuasion that the water is good for those diseases of the cuticular surface and the alimentary canal where sulphureo-purgatives are indicated.—Geologists and physicians have a copious theme for reasoning and practice.

Mrs. Bailey, of Berks County in Pennsylvania, forwarded elegant samples of the argillaceous shist, or shale, overlaying the glance-coal of the region where the upper waters of the Schuylkill arise. Certain parts of the coal-formation possess a splendid iridescence, and the roof or rocky cover abounds with cryptogamic vegetables, chiefly of the order "*filices*" or *ferns*. In one the frond of a palm is distinguishable. Many of these are almost plain enough, as they lie embalmed in the strata, for the determination of their genera and species, by the botanist. These are chiefly if not altogether unknown in our soil at this time: and indeed, it is a matter of uncertainty whether the world now contains them in a living state.

It appeared from the valuable samples sent by Dr. Mauran, of Providence, R. I. that similar forms or impressions of vegetables abound in the layer which covers the anthracolite of that country. They mostly belong to the *filices* or *ferns*; and are abundantly distributed through the argillaceous or shistic rock. It was stated that the hill where Brown University, and several villas of opulent citizens stand, may be considered as a vast body of that inflammable material, covered by this stratum of earth and organic remains.

From the communications of J. Champ-  
lin, Esq. it appeared that a calcarious rock re-

sembling almost exactly the Lumachella-marble of Hudson, has been discovered near Kingston, Ulster County, N. York. It abounds with the remains of *molluscos* and *radiary* animals. Cardiums, entrochites, and encrimites, are the most conspicuous in the sample received. It takes a polish splendid enough to denominate it a marble. Its carnation hue gives it an agreeable appearance.

**CHINESE TOPOGRAPHY.**—In 1818, Yuen, governor, and Le, the Foo Yuen, wrote to the late emperor, requesting his permission and authority to compile a topographical account of the province of Canton, assigning as reasons for so doing, that the one then in use was composed ninety years ago, and also very incorrect and defective, and the one they wished to compile would furnish materials for the imperial historiographers, and an enlargement and correction of the great statistical account of the empire.

The emperor expressed his approbation of governor Yuen's design, and the work was undertaken under the direction of thirty-seven persons, of various ranks and acquirements, subject to the general control of the governor. Four years have been employed in the compilation of the book and the printing; it is now about to be published, in 100 volumes, under the title of Kwang-tung-tung-che, or a General Topography of Canton. The governor was anxious to have a copy with him on his journey to the eastern parts of the provinces, that he might compare it; but the printer wished to sell a copy (the first) at a high price, before the governor had his. However, Yuen sent for the head-printer, and inflicted two dozen blows, less four, in the Chinese manner, which chastisement had the effect of producing a copy for the governor's immediate use.

The arrangement and topics in this book are in imitation of a similar work concerning Kwang-see province, composed during the late reign. It enters much into the history and antiquities of the province, with biographical notices of eminent persons, which illustrate the history and poetry of the country. The maps are more complete than any heretofore published, having one appropriated to every Heen district; the names of the principal hills are given, and the latitude and longitude, according to the meridian of Peking. These maps are by a priest of the Taou sect, who has either been instructed directly by the European missionaries, or has informed himself of European astronomy and geography from the books published by them in the Chinese language. His astronomical notions are

those which place the earth in the centre of the universe. The last selections of the book appear, from the index, to contain miscellaneous notices, some of them, it is believed, concerning the foreign trade to China; but a complete copy of the work has not yet been procured.

#### *Water Proof Linen, Canvass, &c.*

In the bulletin of the French Society for the Encouragement of National Industry, we have the following process for rendering linen, canvass, leather, and other articles, water proof, as followed by M. M. Farriman and Thilly:—

Take 100lb. of the best linseed oil; add 1½lb. of acetate of lead, 1½lb. of calcined umber, 1½lb. of white lead, and 1½lb. of very finely powdered pumice-stone. These solid substances, well ground and mixed together, must be boiled in the oil for ten hours, over a moderate fire, to prevent the oil from burning. The varnish should be of such a consistence, that, when mixed with a third part of its weight of pipe-clay, it will be as thick as treacle. It is left to settle eight days, and is then passed through a lawn sieve.—The next process is, to grind, in a solution of strong and clear glue, as much pipe-clay as amounts in weight to the tenth part of the oil employed, and to mix it to the consistence of ointment; adding the varnish by degrees, and stirring it well with a wooden spatula. This varnish must be repeatedly stirred, till it becomes perfectly fluid; and then the desired tint is given by adding a fourth part of the colour, ground in oil. The linen must be stretched on a wooden frame, and the composition applied to it with a large spatula three inches broad and nine inches long. The frame is then inverted, and the operation repeated on the other side of the cloth; it is then left to dry for a week, and separated from the frame for use. This cloth may be used for riding-hoods, covers for carriages, &c. &c. For leather and skins the same composition is used; but to give the surface a smooth and brilliant appearance, the following varnish is employed:—Take five pounds of the oil varnish, and an equal weight of well-clarified resin; boil them together until the resin is dissolved: then add two pounds of oil of turpentine, having the colour to be given to the varnish ground with it, and passed through a lawn sieve. This varnish is to be applied with a brush. When the varnish is thoroughly dry, it must be rubbed even with a pumice-stone and water, and then washed clean. Two or three coats of varnish being then applied, and each coat suffered to dry for two or three days, is sufficient to produce a brilliancy equal to that of the japan lacker.

## CURIOSITIES FOR THE INGENIOUS.

## LUMINOUS BOTTLE, OR WATCH LIGHT.—

A bit of phosphorus, the size of a pea, is to be put into a long glass phial, and boiling oil poured carefully over it, till the phial is one-third filled. The phial must be carefully corked, and when used, should be unstopped a moment to admit the external air, and closed again. The empty space of the phial will then appear luminous, and give as much light as a dull ordinary lamp, and just sufficient to see the face of a watch. Each time that the light disappears, on removing the stopper it will instantly re-appear. In cold weather the bottle should be warmed in the hands before the stopper is removed. A phial thus prepared may be used every night for six months.

**THE FROSTED BRANCH.**—Take a large glass jar, and turn its mouth downwards on a brick or tile; the jar to have fastened at its bottom (now its upper side) a branch or sprig of any shrub, as myrtle or rosemary, quite fresh, and damped with water. Then on a piece of hot iron throw some bits of gum-benzoin, place the iron at the same moment underneath your jar, when the white fumes of the benzoin will ascend, and remain attached to the branch or sprig, beautifully covering it all over with white particles, like the hoar frost of winter: the access of atmospheric air, however, would soon decompose the acid, and must, therefore, be excluded.

**ARBOR MARTIS, OR IRON TREE.**—In strong aqua-fortis dissolve steel-filings till the acid is tolerably well saturated therewith. Add thereto gradually a solution of fixed alkali, or oil of tar, *per deliquium*. An effervescence accompanies each admixture; in the latter, the iron, instead of falling to the bottom of your vessel, will ascend, covering the sides thereof, and forming a great number of curious ramifications, heaped one upon another, until they pass over the edge of the vessel, in the form of an over luxuriant plant.

**THE SILVER TREE, IN A GLASS FRAME.**

—Dissolve silver in aqua-fortis. Put a few drops thereof on a square glass, and lay thereon small wire of copper or brass, previously formed into the shape of a tree with its branches. After lying an hour or two, a beautiful white vegetation will be perceptible round the wire, which will be partly covered therewith. Then wash it carefully with water, put over another square glass, apply a frame deep enough to take the thickness of both, and you will thus have a pleasing ornament for a sitting-room.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES  
FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

**NAVIGABLE BALLOON.**—A Dr. Thornton has projected a balloon, and solicited subscribers at ten guineas each, to patronise his scheme. He describes this new vehicle, as having wings and a tail, worked by a steam engine and mechanical power, made to ascend and descend at pleasure, to travel 100 miles within the hour, in *any direction*, and to carry letters and persons to any distance.

A remarkably curious gift was presented to the Sheffield Literary Society. It is a prize poem, written in the Eloo, or ancient language of Ceylon, with a Cingalese interpretation by the present high priest of Ceylon, delivered in the presence of the King of Candy and his Court, on the day on which the writer was installed into the high priesthood, which office the poem obtained for him. This curiosity was given by the high priest to Mr. B. Clough, missionary in the island of Ceylon, and by the latter presented to James Ray, Esq. of Sheffield, for the Literary Society of that place. The poem is written on the leaf of the talipot tree, which, if kept dry, may be preserved for centuries. The composition is beautifully executed in small squares, and may, we understand, be read in a connected manner in any direction. Altogether it does not occupy more than a square space of two inches, while the Cingalese interpretation fills eight leaves, each of which measures fifteen inches by two.

C. Demeny, of Paris, but now residing in London, has obtained a patent for an apparatus, containing within itself the means of producing gas from oil and other oleaginous substances, of burning such gas for the purpose of affording light, and of re-placing the gas consumed.

**NORTHUMBERLAND MARBLE.**—A large block of beautiful veined dark marble, has been discovered on the estate of the Duke of Northumberland, near Alnwick. The marble is susceptible of a fine polish, and appears to be of a very superior quality. Some of the fire-places in the new building for the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, will be ornamented with this indigenous product.

**ROOF SLATES.**—It has been proposed by a French author, M. Violet, to increase the durability of roof slates, by baking them in a kiln until they acquire a pale red colour. He affirms, that by this means they acquire

such strength, as to last twice the time they otherwise would, while the expense is so trifling as not to be worth consideration. They do not become by this baking so brittle as to be any more liable to break than before; but their hardness is increased; and as they can no longer be cut, or have holes made in them by the point of the hammer, it is necessary that they should be properly sized and pierced before they are subjected to the kiln.

**IRON MEASURING CHAINS.**—Land-surveyors and others, who have occasion to use chains for measuring land, ought to use copper wire for the purpose; as it was proved that a chain of 60 feet long, made of iron wire, lengthened 14 inches from its being oxidized: copper does not yield to the oxide as iron does.

**ANTIQUITY OF THE STEAM ENGINE.**—The invention of this stupendous machine has now been traced to a period prior to the Christian era. This curious fact was satisfactorily demonstrated by Mr. Partington in a lecture on the steam engine, delivered in the theatre of the London Institution, on the 2nd of May, when Mr. P. exhibited a working model of an apparatus, in which steam was employed as a prime mover by Hero, of Alexandria, more than 2000 years ago.

Erasmus's far famed Greek Testament, on vellum, printed at Basil, in 1519, in which edition Erasmus omitted the celebrated verse of St. John's epistles respecting the three heavenly witnesses, was lately purchased, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, for £140. Sir Mark Sykes bought this book in Holland for £50. There is but one other copy of it known to exist on vellum, and that is in the Cathedral at York. At the sale of the same library, an edition of Livy, printed on vellum, in 1469, was sold for 450 guineas.

## LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.  
MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

*Our Village: Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery.* By Mary Russel Mitford. London. 1824.

THIS is a pleasing little volume from the pen of the well known author of "Julian," a tragedy, and other works; all of which have received a large share of public patronage. The present is a description of country scenery and country manners in a

small town in England, which those who have passed a portion of their lives in that country must acknowledge to be correct. Such delineations of character, and "nature's features," bearing the imprint and fidelity of truth, are calculated to excite pleasing reflections in moments when the mind is disposed to take a retrospective view of those infantile enjoyments, which are for ever gone, and of those localities of place and manners, from which even the most philosophic mind cannot part without feeling a pang of regret.—Miss Mitford has employed a style closely approximating to that of the "Sketch Book," and the subject considerably resembles Mr. Crabbe's more elaborate work; with this difference, however, that "Our Village" is a faithful sketch written on the spot, at the moment of observation, and with a spirit of kindness and love; whereas Mr. Crabbe has given us a picture of his own imagination, drawn in a morbid and satirical spirit; while Mr. Irving is deficient in that intense personal love, in his descriptions, which characterize the present volume. But as some of our readers may wish to judge for themselves in this matter, and as the work itself may not, probably, be reprinted in this country, we shall quote two of the shortest sketches, exhibiting our author's talents in a favourable point of view, though not more so than is done throughout. We consider them, likewise, sufficiently amusing and interesting to justify our transferring them to the pages of the MINERVA.

The first sketch in the volume, is a general one of the village, its appearance and its inhabitants. The following are of a more particular and specific character:

The tidy red cottage on the right hand, with the long well-stocked garden by the side of the road, belongs to a retired publican from a neighbouring town; a substantial person with a comely wife; one who piques himself on independence and idleness, talks politics, reads newspapers, hates the minister, and cries out for reform. He introduced into our peaceful vicinity the rebellious innovation of an illumination on the Queen's acquittal. Remonstrance and persuasion were in vain: he talked of liberty and broken windows—so we all lighted up. Oh! how he shone that night with candles and laurel, and white bows, and gold paper, and a transparency (originally designed for a pocket handkerchief,) with a flaming portrait of Her Majesty, batted and

feathered in red ochre. He had no rival in the village, that we all acknowledge; the very bonfires were less splendid; the little boys reserved their best crackers to be expended in this honour, and he gave them full sixpence more than any one else. He would like an illumination once a month; for it must not be concealed that, in spite of gardening, of newspaper reading, of jaunting about in his little cart, and frequenting both church and meeting, our worthy neighbour begins to feel the weariness of idleness. He hangs over his gate, and tries to entice passengers to stop and chat; he volunteers little jobs all round, smokes cherry trees to cure the blight, and traces and blows up all the wasp-nests in the parish. I have seen a great many in our garden to-day, and shall enchant him with the intelligence. He even assists his wife in her sweepings and dustings. Poor man! he is a very respectable person, and would be a very happy one, if he would add a little employment to his dignity. It would be the salt of life to him.

Next to his house, though parted from it by another long garden with a yew arbour at the end, is the pretty dwelling of the shoemaker, a pale sickly-looking black-haired man, the very model of industry. There he sits in his little shop from early morning till late at night. An earthquake would hardly stir him: the illumination did not. He stuck immovable to his last, from the first gradual lighting up, through the long blaze, and gradual decay, till his large solitary candle was the only light in the place. One cannot conceive any thing more perfect than the contempt which the man of transparencies and the man of shoes must have felt for each other on that evening. There was at least as much vanity in the sturdy industry as in the strenuous idleness, for our shoemaker is a man of substance: he employs three journeymen, two lame, and one a dwarf, so that his shop looks like an hospital; he has purchased the lease of his commodious dwelling; some even say that he has bought it out and out; and he has only one pretty daughter, a light, delicate, fair-haired girl of fourteen, the champion, protectress, and playfellow of every brat under three years old, whom she jumps, dances, dandles, and feeds all day long. I have never seen any one in her station who possessed so thoroughly that undefinable charm, the lady-look. See her on a Sunday in her simplicity and her white frock, and she might pass for an earl's daughter. She likes flowers, too, and has a profusion of white stocks under her window, as pure and delicate as herself.

Next door lives a carpenter, 'famed ten miles round, and worthy all his fame;' few

cabinet-makers surpass him, with his excellent wife, and their little daughter Lizzy, the plaything and queen of the village, a child three years old according to the register, but six in size and strength and intellect, in power and in self-will. She manages every body in the place, her schoolmistress included; turns the wheeler's children out of their own little cart, and makes them draw her; seduces cakes and lollypops from the very shop window; makes the lazy carry her, the silent talk to her, the grave romp with her; does any thing she pleases; is absolutely irresistible. Her chief attraction lies in her exceeding power of loving, and her firm reliance on the love and indulgence of others. How impossible it would be to disappoint the dear little girl when she runs to meet you, slides her pretty hands into yours, looks up gladly in your face, and says, 'Come?' You must go: you cannot help it. Another part of the charm is her singular beauty. Together with a good deal of the character of Napoleon, she has something of his square, sturdy, upright form, with the finest limbs in the world, a complexion purely English, a round laughing face, sunburnt and rosy, large merry blue eyes, curling brown hair, and a wonderful play of countenance. She has the imperial attitudes too, and loves to stand with her hands behind her, or folded over her bosom; and sometimes, when she has a little touch of shyness, she clasps them together on the top of her head, pressing down her shining curls, and looking up so exquisitely pretty! Yes, Lizzy is queen of the village! She has but one rival in her dominions, a certain white greyhound called May-flower, much her friend, who resembles her in beauty and strength, in playfulness, and almost in sagacity, and reigns over the animal world as she over the human. They are both coming with me, Lizzy and Lizzy's 'pretty May.'

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### THE GRACES.

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"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"  
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:  
"We come," THE GRACES three! to teach the spell.  
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."  
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:  
"Let Wit, and Wisdom, with her sovereign Beauty dwell."

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### DISSIMULATION.

IN Dr. Gregory's celebrated "Legacy to his Daughters," it is intimated that a tenderly attached wife ought not to let her husband discover the "full extent" of her regard and love for him. No maxim, we conceive, can be more dangerous and ill founded. It is teaching a female the art of dissimula-

tion, and that too on a subject in which her happiness is more intimately concerned than any other. A modern writer, who has lately published a work in London, on female character, combats Dr. Gregory's maxim in a manner so able that we presume every respectable moral reasoner will agree with us in thinking that he has done it successfully. After referring to the Doctor's maxim he says:—

It may be placed, I think, amidst the most curious and subtle results of spurious and artificial sentiment: of a wrong and mischievous manœuvre; too crooked, and too entangled, for warranty by good sense; and appearing to savour less of wit than madness: at all events, less of soundness than of hollowness. What ingenuity might urge in defence of the maxim, may be easily anticipated, and is, I am well satisfied, easily refuted. The subject, argue we ever so long, will at last resolve itself into this simple inquiry: whether is generous, undisguised confidence, or sly, cautious circumspection, and that, too, in the closest of all moral connexions possible, to be recommended, and adopted? Such is the real and obvious character of the point at issue. Here, the subject and the question might be left for solution, to the speculative and the curious; but I will just subjoin, that the arguments in favour of *concealment*, would, if brought forward, all be found to seek for their support, and to ground their very existence, in a principle of artifice, and necessity for the practice and the continuance of delusion. Whence such principle? Whence such necessity? Inauspicious indeed must be the connexion, very weak and uncompacted the cement of those hearts, which, on either side, requires, for its duration, a continual supply from the contributions of art, and a perpetuity of watchfulness.

Again—the feelings by which the wife is instinctively directed to manifest her heart to the partner of that heart, do all approve themselves of amiable and sterling character: their antagonists, as we have seen, evince themselves to be entirely the reverse of these. On one side, we are invited to the contemplation of nature, simplicity, and truth; of a heart without guile; of a spirit without suspicion; of thought and action grounded in innocence: on the other, we are disgusted and forbidden by such objectionable traits of character, as might require space fully to expose; but which may be collected into a brief summary, viz. the errors and obliquities of a mind, not sufficiently wise and dignified to throw away, and execrate cunning.

Unhappily circumstanced, indeed, must be that love and that regard, which it is im-

prudent and unsafe to acknowledge to a husband: and, what becomes a serious and an alarming recollection, let the married female, who tenderly loves the husband of her choice, let her weigh well to what the burden of her feelings might amount, if he should suddenly sink into the grave; and she, under the pressure and poignancy of grief, be left in sad remembrance that the object of her best affections had never known how dearly she had loved him. In a mind of keen sensibility, nothing could avert madness from such remembrance.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE TEAR OF PITY.

#### *Expression of Compassion at a Card Table.*

—So! Miss Hectic died this morning of a consumption.—She was no more than seventeen, a fine girl!—

Ah! is she dead?—*Poor thing! What's Trumps?*

—The man is dead, my dear, whom we employed to clear the mouth of that well behind the house, and which he fell into—

Is he? I thought he would not recover.

—*Play a spade, ma'am.*

—There were upwards of a thousand killed in the last engagement in the East Indies—How many childless parents are now in sorrow!

Ah! many indeed—*That odd trick is ours.*

The captain is now reduced to such poverty, that I am told it would be charity to send his family a joint of meat—

That's hard—I have not a heart indeed, sir.

—He fell on his head, and has been delirious ever since—and the physicians have no hopes that he will recover the use of his reason—

Oh! I recollect, he rode against somebody—*Play a spade if you please.*

—The prospect to the poor at present is dreadful indeed—there will be a powerful appeal to the feelings of the rich.

Yes—one really gives away so much in charity—I'll bet you a crown on the best club.

—Pray ma'am, have you heard of the dreadful accident which has happened to Mrs.——?

What? her son drowned? O yes—*You are eight, you can call.*

—George, ma'am, George, I am sorry to say it put an end to his life last Tuesday—

You don't say so—I had two honours in my own hand—

Yes; and, as misfortune never comes alone, his mother and sister are in a state of distraction—

feathered in red ochre. He had no rival in the village, that we all acknowledge; the very bonfires were less splendid; the little boys reserved their best crackers to be expended in this honour, and he gave them full sixpence more than any one else. He would like an illumination once a month; for it must not be concealed that, in spite of gardening, of newspaper reading, of jaunting about in his little cart, and frequenting both church and meeting, our worthy neighbour begins to feel the weariness of idleness. He hangs over his gate, and tries to entice passengers to stop and chat; he volunteers little jobs all round, smokes cherry trees to cure the blight, and traces and blows up all the wasp-nests in the parish. I have seen a great many in our garden to-day, and shall enchant him with the intelligence. He even assists his wife in her sweepings and dustings. Poor man! he is a very respectable person, and would be a very happy one, if he would add a little employment to his dignity. It would be the salt of life to him.

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That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."  
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:  
"Let Wit, and Wisdom, with her sovereign Beauty dwell."

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### DISSIMULATION.

IN Dr. Gregory's celebrated "Legacy to his Daughters," it is intimated that a tenderly attached wife ought not to let her husband discover the "full extent" of her regard and love for him. No maxim, we conceive, can be more dangerous and ill founded. It is teaching a female the art of dissimula-

tion, and that too on a subject in which her happiness is more intimately concerned than any other. A modern writer, who has lately published a work in London, on female character, combats Dr. Gregory's maxim in a manner so able that we presume every respectable moral reasoner will agree with us in thinking that he has done it successfully. After referring to the Doctor's maxim he says:—

It may be placed, I think, amidst the most curious and subtle results of spurious and artificial sentiment: of a wrong and mischievous manœuvre; too crooked, and too entangled, for warranty by good sense; and appearing to savour less of wit than madness: at all events, less of soundness than of hollowness. What ingenuity might urge in defence of the maxim, may be easily anticipated, and is, I am well satisfied, easily refuted. The subject, argue we ever so long, will at last resolve itself into this simple inquiry: whether is generous, undisguised confidence, or sly, cautious circumspection, and that, too, in the closest of all moral connexions possible, to be recommended, and adopted? Such is the real and obvious character of the point at issue. Here, the subject and the question might be left for solution, to the speculative and the curious; but I will just subjoin, that the arguments in favour of *concealment*, would, if brought forward, all be found to seek for their support, and to ground their very existence, in a principle of artifice, and necessity for the practice and the continuance of delusion. Whence such principle? Whence such necessity? Inauspicious indeed must be the connexion, very weak and uncompacted the cement of those hearts, which, on either side, requires, for its duration, a continual supply from the contributions of art, and a perpetuity of watchfulness.

Again—the feelings by which the wife is instinctively directed to manifest her heart to the partner of that heart, do all approve themselves of amiable and sterling character: their antagonists, as we have seen, evince themselves to be entirely the reverse of these. On one side, we are invited to the contemplation of nature, simplicity, and truth; of a heart without guile; of a spirit without suspicion; of thought and action grounded in innocence: on the other, we are disgusted and forbidden by such objectionable traits of character, as might require space fully to expose; but which may be collected into a brief summary, viz. the errors and obliquities of a mind, not sufficiently wise and dignified to throw away, and execrate cunning.

Unhappily circumstanced, indeed, must be that love and that regard, which it is im-

prudent and unsafe to acknowledge to a husband: and, what becomes a serious and an alarming recollection, let the married female, who tenderly loves the husband of her choice, let her weigh well to what the burden of her feelings might amount, if he should suddenly sink into the grave; and she, under the pressure and poignancy of grief, be left in sad remembrance that the object of her best affections had never known how dearly she had loved him. In a mind of keen sensibility, nothing could avert madness from such remembrance.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE TEAR OF PITY.

*Expression of Compassion at a Card Table.*

—So! Miss Hectic died this morning of a consumption.—She was no more than seventeen, a fine girl!—

Ah! is she dead?—*Poor thing! What's Trumps?*

—The man is dead, my dear, whom we employed to clear the mouth of that well behind the house, and which he fell into—

Is he? I thought he would not recover. —*Play a spade, ma'am.*

—There were upwards of a thousand killed in the last engagement in the East Indies—How many childless parents are now in sorrow!

Ah! many indeed—*That odd trick is ours.*

The captain is now reduced to such poverty, that I am told it would be charity to send his family a joint of meat—

That's hard—I have not a heart indeed, sir.

—He fell on his head, and has been delirious ever since—and the physicians have no hopes that he will recover the use of his reason—

Oh! I recollect, he rode against somebody—*Play a spade if you please.*

—The prospect to the poor at present is dreadful indeed—there will be a powerful appeal to the feelings of the rich.

Yes—one really gives away so much in charity—I'll bet you a crown on the best club.

—Pray ma'am, have you heard of the dreadful accident which has happened to Mrs.—?

What? her son drowned? O yes—*You are eight, you can call.*

—George, ma'am, George, I am sorry to say it put an end to his life last Tuesday—

You don't say so—I had two honours in my own hand—

Yes; and, as misfortune never comes alone, his mother and sister are in a state of distraction—

Dear me ! that's bad—single, double, and the rub !

*Exeunt, counting their money.*

*Extracts from a Cynic's Vocabulary.*

- Aim—A random shot  
 Author—One who commits great Larceny  
 Bachelor—The only male biped without horns  
 Botanist—An ass nibbling thistles  
 Candour—Backbiting  
 Charity—An easy method of plating copper  
 Disdain—Self-conceit  
 Emulation—A nickname for envy  
 Faith—A shopkeeper's credit—(etymology doubtful)  
 Fame—The music produced by a poker and frying-pan  
 Favour—A superior's notice, obtained by cringing  
 Fortitude—Enduring the toil of eating and drinking without complaint  
 Gentleman—An animal perfectly useless  
 Grammarian—A man tied to a stake  
 Honour—A mixture of fish, flesh, fowl and wine, tradesmens' bills, dotted bones, gunpowder and lead, crim. con. and seduction  
 Hope—Moonshine  
 Innocence—A word not definable, as its properties have been obsolete since the fall of Adam  
 Justice—A pagan divinity—not acknowledged by the Christian world  
 King—A paroquet in a gilt cage  
 Learning—Old-fashioned furniture  
 Modesty—Polished brass  
 Nobody—A person of consequence  
 Orator—An empty sugar cask  
 Philosophy—The bottling of star-light  
 Poetry—The art of gilding gingerbread  
 Pride—The lowest state of beggary  
 Quotation—Petty Larceny  
 Reason—A diffusive word, signifying every species of vice  
 Science—Prize-fighting  
 Soldier—A slave in livery  
 Temperance—A want of money to procure, or a constitutional inability to enjoy the good things of the earth  
 Tenderness—Tears produced by an onion  
 Upstart—A fellow who raises himself by laudable industry and well-applied talent  
 Valour—Swearing and bullying with a good grace  
 Virtue—A word coined by the Ancient Romans, and importing (according to its most refined sense) assassination and suicide  
 Woman—An incurable disorder, incident to man  
 Yeoman—The shadow of a former substance—[almost absolute]  
 Zealot—A madman without a keeper.

**EDITORIAL NOTICES.**

No. 18. Vol. I. of *New Series* of the *MIRANDA* will contain the following articles :

POPULAR TALES.—*Mac Blunder.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Birth Place of Sophocles.*

THE DRAMA.—*London Theatres. Theatre at Lima.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Mr. John Davy.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchill's. Chemical Science. No. III. Machines for singeing Cotton Goods by the flame of Gas. Natural History. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Notices of New Publications.*

THE GRACES.—*Calendar for August. Javanese Love Song.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Next Door Neighbours.*

POETRY.—*Serenade; by J. R. Sutermeister, and other pieces.*

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

**THE RECORD.**

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

Mr. Caldwell of the New-Orleans Theatre has offered \$50 for the best poem not to exceed forty two lines, to be delivered on the anniversary of the battle of New-Orleans.

There are upwards of 1200 craft employed on the New-York canals.

It has been ascertained, that the Atlantic and Pacific oceans may be united by opening a communication of only four miles between two rivers.

One hundred tons of Lehigh Coal are stated to be landed daily at Philadelphia; price \$8. per ton of 28 bushels.

Mr. Murray, bookseller, of London, has given Washington Irving 1500 pounds sterling for the copyright of his new novel.

Two persons, eminent in literature, in London, are engaged in writing the memoirs of Lord Byron.

An improvement has lately been made at Leeds, England, on the safety valve of steam engine boilers, by which the control is taken entirely out of the hands of the engineer, and placed at the disposal of a self-regulator, acting by the pressure of steam.

Mr. Goodsell, lately of New-York, has obtained a patent in London for his flax and hemp machine, invented in this country.

**MARRIED,**

Mr. Harvey Clark to Miss Julia A. Hand.  
 Mr. D. Macfarlane to Miss E. Reid.

**DIED,**

Julia Anna Lyell, aged 34 years.  
 Mr. J. Beain, aged 34 years.

## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

## LINES

*Written in a Lady's Album.*

BE this my heart's lone sepulchre :  
It doth befit, I should inter  
Upon this page my happiness ;  
For all my fancy dreams are fled,  
And all my fondest hopes are dead,  
Why cherish, then, life's loneliness ?

If on this page thine eyes e'er dwell,  
Think kind of me—but never tell  
The cause of my unhappy doom.  
Do thou my mem'ry still revere,  
For once thou lov'd'st—though less sincere  
Than I, the tenant of this tomb.

F. T.

## THE DUELLIST.

The promise of his youth was bright,  
And fortune lent her smile ;  
And genius, like a burning light,  
Illum'd his path the while.

And friendship wove a burnished chain,  
And bound it round his brow,  
And dearly was he loved again,  
By her who heard his vow.

One glance of her sweet eyes of blue,  
Was worth an age of bliss,  
And oh, they smiled on him too true  
For such a world as this.

He had a mother, and her joy  
Was centered all in one,  
The spirit of her noble boy  
Was of her world, the sun.

And though the winter of her age  
Came o'er the wreck of years,  
His smile could all her grief assuage,  
And dry her flowing tears.

The birds were sporting in the grove,  
'Twas in the month of May,  
When to Matilda and to love  
He gave his hand away.

I saw him in his love-lit bower,  
When all was bright and gay—  
Alas that ever came the hour  
That swept its bloom away !

'Twas on a summer's eve like this,  
He wandered far alone ;  
But first he stole a parting kiss  
From her his chosen one.

And as in whispers tremblingly,  
He said, " My love, farewell,"  
I saw a tear bedim his eye—  
I saw his bosom swell.

He went—but ne'er returned again—  
He went at "honour's" call,  
To shed his blood like crimson rain—  
Ingloriously to fall—

He fell !—and at the cottage now,  
Down on the village green,  
With hollow cheeks and dewy brow  
Is young Matilda seen :

And nightly by the pale moon's beam,  
She wanders to his rest—  
And still recalls the cruel dream  
That wrings her bleeding breast.

He sleeps ! and near him gently sleeps  
His aged mother dear ;  
Matilda only lives and keeps  
Her weeping vigils here.

## FRAGMENTS.

*By Mr. Hervey, Trin. Coll.*

Mute emblem of the broken heart !  
To thee my spirit fondly clings ;  
And memory—ruin as thou art—  
Haunts, like a ghost, thy shivered strings.  
Alike, o'er thee, may pass the breeze  
That steals along in summer's gladness,  
Or utters, through the leafless trees,  
At eve, the soul of sadness :—  
To summer's breath, or winter's sigh,  
Thy murmurs never more reply !

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas meet, that when the minstrel died,  
The lyre she cherished should decay ;  
And never have thy tones replied  
To touch, since that bereaving day.  
The voice that spoke along each string  
Of her pure spirit was a part,  
And every sound it used to fling  
An echo of her heart :  
That heart is gone—that spirit fled—  
And thou—art tuneless as the dead.

## MOONLIGHT.

*By Mr. Hervey, Trin. Coll.*

The moon is walking in the silent sky !  
The single diamond on the brow of night—  
How beautiful the woods and valleys lie,  
Sleeping beneath her sad and softened light ;  
That light which finds its way into the heart,  
Like music—and awakens music there,  
Giving a joy no day-beam can impart.  
There is a holy stillness in the air,  
Almost like sadness ; and the yellow glow  
Gleams on the quiet sea, which sleeps below,  
Like the lulled babe beneath its mother's eye.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis all like magic !—who would fear to ride  
O'er the lulled ocean in an hour like this ?  
Come, let us launch our shallop on the tide,  
And roam the pathless waters ! Oh, 'twere bliss  
Over the star-bright sea to sail away ;  
Where, haply, in our voyage we may meet  
Some little isle, beneath the silver ray,  
Where thus the moonlight is for ever sweet ;  
Where clouds can never come to break the  
dream ; [beam,  
Till our wrapt souls, commingling with the  
Shall take their flight to be—where beauty is !

## THE SWAN AND THE EAGLE.

*From the German of Schlegel.*

## SWAN.

My life is on the waters past !  
 From ruthless rage and ruin free,  
 I glide upon the azure waste,  
 In silence and security :  
 While the clear wave, unmov'd by storm,  
 Reflects my chaste and snowy form.

## EAGLE.

My mansion is the mountain hoar ;  
 Too high for man ;—too steep for flock ;  
 Where lightnings flash, and thunders roar,  
 From cloud to cloud, from rock to rock ;  
 While, as the aerial battles ring,  
 I arm my beak, and poise my wing.

## SWAN.

When morning opes the coral sky,  
 I wake ;—and quit my secret home :  
 A thousand flowers delight mine eye,  
 In leaf, in cup, in bud, in bloom.  
 But when the purple sun has set,  
 My wing conceals my beak of jet.

## EAGLE.

When the midnight tempests blow,  
 With deadly shriek and ominous cry,  
 I ask the winds, I ask the snow,  
 If ruin be their ecstasy :  
 And shielded by the o'erhanging shade,  
 I gaze upon the ruin made.

## SWAN.

Apollo sings !—He calls me oft  
 To listen to his sacred song :—  
 Flowing in numbers wild and soft,  
 I witness, as they glide along,  
 How much they captivate the gale,  
 Which bears them up the woody vale.

## EAGLE.

I soar amid the heavens above,  
 When kings bewray, or realms revolt ;  
 And, sitting on the throne of Jove,  
 Present the angry thunderbolt ;  
 And, as I sleep, my wings traverse  
 The sceptre of the Universe.

## SWAN.

When the moon has pierc'd the gloom,  
 And midnight's shadowy mantle rent ;  
 As its mild rays the scene illumine,  
 I gaze the watery firmament ;  
 And muse upon the time, when I  
 Shall wake beyond the starry sky.

## EAGLE.

E'en from my infant unfledg'd day,  
 My eyes, undazzled by the sun,  
 Have borne his fierce meridian ray :  
 Which none beside on earth has done.  
 I scorn this earth—by mortals trod !—  
 My mansion is the throne of God.

## SWAN.

An innocent, sequester'd life,  
 Yields calmly to the shaft of death !  
 When it shall come—all red and rife—  
 To give me back my tuneful breath ;  
 My voice shall try its utmost power  
 To celebrate the sacred hour.

## EPIGRAMS.

*To a Lady, on seeing her blush.*

Leila, whene'er I gaze on thee,  
 My alter'd cheek turns pale,  
 While upon thine, sweet maid, I see  
 A deep'ning blush prevail.

Leila, shall I the cause impart  
 Why such a change takes place ?  
 The crimson stream deserts my heart,  
 To mantle on thy face.

*Modest Worth.*

When Trot in coach his foot first set,  
 He blushed and back a step reclin'd ;  
 For Trot himself could not forget,  
 Aow many years he rode behind.

## ENIGMAS.

" And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,  
 Despise not the value of things that are small."

*Answer to PUZZLE in our last.*

The beginning of eternity,  
 The end of time and space ;  
 The beginning of every end,  
 And the end of every place.

## NEW PUZZLES.

## I.

In public I seldom appear,  
 Yet ever am found in the grave,  
 When clamour has ceased, I draw near,  
 When present, its riot I leave.  
 If mentioned, my charm you will break,  
 No longer you keep my decree ;  
 With speed I your presence forsake,  
 To others more mute I then flee.

## II.

A foreign name I always bear,  
 Though often manufactur'd here,  
 And pleasure I to all impart,  
 If manag'd with peculiar art.  
 In different colours I am drest,  
 As suits my master's fancy best ;  
 Sometimes I'm black and dismal quite,  
 And sometimes cloth'd in virgin white ;  
 Sometimes both black and white I wear,  
 And oftentimes in brown appear.  
 I at the festive board attend,  
 And in the fair sex have a friend.  
 But hold—enough is said no doubt,  
 For you to find your servant out.

## EDITED BY

GEORGE HOUSTON AND JAMES G. BROOKS,

And published every Saturday

BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,

128 Broadway, New-York,

Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No  
 subscription can be received for less than a year,  
 and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed  
 to the publishers.

J. SEYMOUR, printer, 49 John-street.